

THE ELECTRICAL AGE.

Wonders of Electricity to be Realized Before Many Years.

The possible applications of the principle of the electrical transmission of power are almost numberless. We shall, I believe, at no distant date, have great central stations, possibly situated at the bottom of coal-pits, where enormous steam engines will drive many electric machines. We shall have wires laid along every street, the electricity tapped into every house, and the quantity of electricity used in each house registered the same as gas is at present. The storage battery will fill a place corresponding to the gasometer in the gas system, making the current steady, rendering the consumer independent of the irregular action or stoppages of the dynamo of the central station, and enabling the use of dynamo of the highest tension—i. e., those which produce the currents of the greatest intensity. The electricity will be passed through little electric machines to drive machinery, to produce ventilation to replace stoves, and to work all sorts of apparatus, as well as to give everybody an electric light. So far heat will be used to run the dynamo in the cloudless regions. Everywhere the powers of the tides and such waterfalls as Niagara are to be utilized. Is not a millennium to be anticipated when the water power of a country shall be available at every door?

Steam, which in the last century has conferred so many benefits on the world, will give way before electricity. The dynamo will replace the steam engine. This prediction seems wild and visionary, yet when steam was first thought of as an available force its advocates were considered, just as the advocates of dynamical electricity to-day are considered, mere enthusiasts. But public opinion never stops the march of intellect. After it had proved the powers of steam to be enormous, genius never halted, but straightway went on anticipating still more wonderful discoveries in the realms of electricity.

The prophetic ken of science was happily exhibited by Dr. Lardner in his treatise on the steam engine. "Philosophy," said he, half a century ago, "already dreads her fingers at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, and many causes combine to justify the expectation that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared; and that the steam engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred upon it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the hidden powers of nature still to be revealed, and that the day will come when that machine which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the most remote skirts of the globe will cease to have existence except in the page of history."

"To-day we are beginning to appreciate the truth of this prophecy. To-day we see dynamical electricity in the forefront of the physical sciences. The principle of the transmission of power by electricity fast approaches its realization. We are, in truth, just entering upon a wonderful age.—Robert Luce, in Van Nostrand's Magazine.

He Wanted One Suspender.

About a week ago a stranger entered a clothing store on Michigan avenue and asked for one second-hand suspender. The dealer looked at him for something less than half an hour and then broke out with:

"What place do you take me for? Oof I keep some second-hand suspenders do you suppose I cut 'em apart?"

"Isn't it your object to oblige the public?" asked the man.

"I likes to sell goods, of course, but nobody comes in here and asks me for one pant leg."

"Certainly not, but this is a different case. Some men wear two suspenders—some one. I belong to the one-suspender class of humanity. So did Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Dickens, and others. Is it right for you to cater to one class and exclude the other?"

"I sells you one pair of suspenders at cost."

"I never buy what I don't want. I want one suspender and I'll not take a pair."

"Vhell, I don't sell 'em dot vhay."

"I will give you time to think over it," said the stranger. "There is no occasion for haste, as I am now wearing a clothes line around my waist. Give the matter due thought and serious reflection."

"It's no use—no use. I don't sell coat-tails mitout der coat, nor some wheet mitout a back."

The next day the man returned and renewed his application, and his list of one suspender men bore the names of Washington and Napoleon.

"Do I sell a coat mitout any sleeves?" indignantly exclaimed the clothier; and the placid stranger placidly replied:

"Take another day to think over it. View the subject from all sides. It never pays to move rashly."

Every day he returned on his errand, and yesterday a policeman was at hand to give him the collar, walk him around the corner, and say:

"Now, then, I'll give you a chance to keep out of the cooler! If you come here again you are good for thirty days!"

"Oh, I'll go, of course," replied the man. "Does he exclude the one-suspender class?"

"He does."

"And has made up his mind to cater to the other?"

"I presume he has."

"Very well, then. I have never wore but a single suspender, and I'll be hanged if I can be bull-dozed into buying any clothing to pack away in the garret! My motto is: 'One suspender or death!'"

"What is good 'nuff for the crowd heads of Europe will fit me, even if they put shingle-nails in place of buttons. Good-bye, old buttons—

one suspender or a grave in the valley!"—Detroit Free Press.

Too Mean for Hanging.

The meanest man in all this land of United America went down from Lincoln, Nebraska, into Kansas, the other day. Mind you, he wasn't a Nebraskan; he was an inter-State immigrant coming from somewhere east of the Mississippi. At Wymore there is a merchant who carries his stock in a basket, and he is famous all that land over for his popcorn. He came on the car with his wares, and this mean man, who was traveling with his wife, little child of perhaps three years, and his father-in-law, asked the price of popcorn. "Five cents a package." That was too much. He didn't want any. After the merchant left the car the mean man said: "I want some o' that 'ere popcorn, but I kin git it cheaper'n that." Presently he went out on the platform and said to the dealer in the fruit that cheers but not inebriates: "Say, mister, I want some of that popcorn, but I hain't got on'y three cents. Now, if you kin lemme have a paper of it fur three cents, all right; but I kaint give no more fur it, because I hain't got on'y that much money." Well after some dickering, the merchant finally let him have a paper of popcorn for three cents, and the mean man came in the car, sat down beside his wife and little child, and began munching his popcorn. Never a crumb did he offer to anybody. He was just enjoying it. He said: "I had enough money to buy his whole basketful, but I knowed I could get some for less'n five cents." As he munched, his father-in-law and wife seemed to understand they were not in on that treat, but the child began to reach up his little dimpled hands, and in the sweetest childish accents beg for some popcorn. Save to hold the package up out of reach of the pleading little hands, the mean man paid not the slightest attention to the baby, but kept on eating. Presently the mother spoke to him, and said the child wanted some of the corn. "Well," replied her husband, "if the child is any hungrier'n I am an' wants this popcorn more'n I do, he'd ought to have it." But he kept on eating it himself, and never a gram did the child get. Pretty soon the little fellow began to cry for the corn. This must have annoyed the father, because he soon arose, put the popcorn up in the rack out of the child's reach, and went into another car. While he was gone the child continued to cry and reach after the banquet, and the mother took the popcorn down and gave some to the little one. While this was going on the mean man came back. Furious? You never saw anything like it. He snatched the popcorn away from the child and poured a torrent of abuse upon his wife for daring to touch his popcorn. Then he put it back into the rack, and at intervals got up and ate some of it until it was all gone.

Now, in a case of this kind—and the above is a truthful narrative of an actual occurrence—is not lynch law justifiable? Is not that kind of a man more valuable and useful as a fertilizer than anything else? Isn't he a curse to society as long as he lives? And might he not prove a blessing to the medical student and barren land where he dies? Then why not kill him and make a blessing of him? The world has no use for a mean man. A drunkard, a liar, a swearer, a thief, a tramp, a swindler, a murderer, may have some sphere of usefulness in this world, but a mean man, pure and simple—God wasted mud when He made him.—Burdett, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Fishes in Hot Water.

A stupid old story relates the profane language made use of by the fishes "when Sol's perpendicular rays illuminated the depths of the sea." As to what really happens on such occasions, some experiments just made by the secretary of the National Fish Culture association, and reported by The Fish Culture Journal, gives results curious and possibly practically useful. The object was to discover the highest temperature at which fish can exist in water, the competitors being crabs, gudgeons, dace, roach, perch, golden tench, common tench, trout, salmon, and minnow. Not till the water reached eighty degrees did any sign of languor show themselves, and the first that gave in was a perch at eighty-two degrees. Then followed retirements in the following order: Roach, salmon, minnow, gudgeon, dace, common tench, golden tench—until the crab was left winner of the prize for endurance, holding out till 91 degrees, 3 degrees better than the best record below him. Having taken the hot water neat without what looked like fatal results, the natural corrective was exhibited in the form of brandy, which to the dismay of teetotal practitioners, presently set all the competitors swimming about in their normal condition just as if nothing had happened, with the sole exception one dace, who died a martyr either to science or to the somewhat heroic remedy. Some surprise is expressed at the endurance of the minnow, and also of the salmon, considering his special need of oxygen, and even at that of the perch, who is known to have an exceptional and characteristic antipathy to warm water. It remains to be shown, of course in what way pisciculture is to be practically benefited by the experiment.—London Globe.

False Prophets in Egypt.

London letter to Toronto Globe. It is related that when the prophete Mohammed lay dying an angel appeared to him with the cheering intelligence of the assassination of his rival and enemy Aihala, called Al Aswad, and that upon the founder of Islam predicted that, ere the day of judgment, the world would be troubled by thirty other impostors, and that not until after the rising and setting of all these should the true Mahd proclaim himself. Since that day many pretenders have arisen that Mahammed Ahmed, of the Soudan may reasonably assert that the field is by this time open, and that the prophecy rather supports than opposes his declaration that he is indeed the man who is to lead the whole universe to a knowledge of the teaching of Islam and whose enemies shall, in the near future, be cast from the narrow bridge Al Sirat, into the bottom less pit.

How to Overcome the Love of Liquor.

A novel idea in the use of intoxicating stimulants came to the notice of a Call reporter yesterday in the case of an old friend, who some time ago was the living personification of the old, old story of a brilliant mind clouded from the effects of intoxicants. He rapidly went down hill, and all efforts to rouse him to a sense of his degradation were futile. The reporter last saw him in this condition over a year ago. One day last week he met a spruce and well-dressed man who bore a remarkable resemblance to this friend, but whom he did not recognize until the individual threw out his hand and called the reporter by name. "I suppose you hardly know me," he said, a smile wreathing his health-blooming face. The reporter admitted that he at first had hardly been able to, and then becoming confidential, as old friends do on meeting, he soon learned the cause of the change. "Yes," said the old friend, "I used to be a very hard drinker, as you know. I tried several times to quit, but could not. The appetite for strong drink was too much for me. If I went without it for a while I became a nervous wretch. I had to drink or die. A thought was suggested to me one day, and I made up my mind to make one supreme effort to rescue myself. I reasoned this way: A man takes a liquor into his stomach, and the stimulant, through the blood, affects the brain. Now I thought if I could satisfy my appetite without the liquor affecting my brain I would be all right. If I could get the taste of the liquor, the aroma, the essence of it, without taking it into the stomach, I knew I could drink at pleasure and not get intoxicated, as drunkenness could not ensue if the liquor did not enter the stomach. I say this idea was suggested to me, and it was in this way: I had noticed that men who made a business of buying and selling wines in large quantities sampled them, and ascertained their quality and bouquet by taking two or three mouthfuls in succession, rolling it around their tongues, as one might say, bathing their palate in it—in short, subjecting it to the severest tests by the organs of taste—and then ejecting it from the mouth without swallowing any. The remembrance of this came upon me one day when I was perfectly sober but terribly despondent. I resolved to try it. I did, and met with the most gratifying success. You say laugh, but it is the solemn truth. I took a large drink of liquor, but instead of letting it pass into my stomach I checked it in my throat and gargled it for a minute, and then spat it out. To my joy I found my thirst for it almost as much appeased as if I had swallowed the liquor. I tried again and again with the same effect. I was not made drunk. I have followed this plan ever since, although I have gargled the liquor, never swallowing a drop, as many as a dozen times a day—the same number of drinks I used to take. The plan is a very simple one, and is, I believe, the only one for a slave of the cup."

"Has your appetite increased?" "On the contrary, it has decreased. By the means I adopted, my brain has become clear and strong again, and my will power is as good as it ever was before I became a hard drinker. In gargling the liquor I get all the benefit of the flavor, and all the satisfaction of my appetite, without losing my senses.—San Francisco Call.

"I Wonder."

If you wish to write an essay, or to begin a conversation and are at a loss for something to write or talk about, only write or say "I wonder," and something will be sure to follow. But show me the man who never wonders, and I will show you the man who never thinks," said Voltaire. Ases never wonder, they take everything for granted and seem to be completely fatalists. They receive the cudgel as patiently as if it were preordained and essential to the harmony of the universe. The intellectual people, those who are not asses, investigate, think, wonder and cease to wonder, but they have no sooner ceased to wonder at one thing than they begin to wonder at another. I am willing to grant that there is nothing new under the sun; but for all that we live in a very wonderful world, and are constantly surrounded by a world of wonders. In fact, everything is wonderful, and the greatest wonder in the world would be to find anything not wonderful. Wondering is the peculiar faculty and privilege of human and intellectual beings. I have said above that asses do not wonder; they have not wit enough. I was going to say that wondering may be applied as a distinctive epithet of the human species, and that Plato might have amended his definition by this addition, but I fear I should be wrong. Plato defined man as a featherless biped, upon which Diogenes, who was what the world calls a wicked wad, stripped the feathers from a poor unfortunate bantam cock, and exultingly exclaimed: "There is Plato's man." Now, if Plato, in order to render his definition more definite, had defined him to be a wondering, featherless biped, Diogenes would still have been down upon him, saying: "Look at Plato's man—a featherless biped, wondering what has become of his feathers!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Foreign Owners of New York Property.

According to the correspondence of the Troy Times, the offerings of real estate in New York City this season are less than in former years. This arises from the general depreciation of stocks and railway bonds. Real estate is held with increased tenacity. The uncertainty prevailing in Europe leads to extensive purchases by foreign capitalists, including some of royal blood. Among these is an extensive landed estate owned by Eugenie, and including some gilt-edged property whose rental is between \$50,000 and \$75,000 a year. The King of Sweden owns an estate valued at \$500,000; the Grand Duke Alexis is also an extensive property-holder, and large purchases have been made for Queen Victoria. The titles are taken in other names, but the true ownership is well understood.

THE DIAMOND'S VALUE.

It Depends More Upon the Cutting Than Upon the Size.

"The first point to be considered about a diamond is its fire," said Mr. Charles K. Giles, "by which I mean its reflected light, its brilliancy. The white and bluish-white diamonds are the most expensive, and the steel-white are the sharpest. The latter has a kind of hard, light-brownish look, just like newly broken steel. They are all kinds of shades. In fact, they are innumerable, since no two stones are exactly alike in color. The bluish-white is the costliest, because the rarest, outside of the decidedly brown diamonds, which are very rare, very hard and very brilliant, and which a good fancier will prefer to any other except the bluish-white. Then there are the slightly brownish, the slightly yellow, the straw color, the greenish-yellow, the rose color, and the canary yellow. The greenish-yellow are the least desirable, but even a little tinge of yellow, not noticeable to the purchaser except by comparison with others, will bring down the price of a stone one-half to one-quarter. You see those two sparklers, for instance," and Mr. Giles, exhibited two beautifully brilliant stones intended for ear-drops. "Well, they are only worth \$500, because they are a little 'off' what we call 'by water.' If of a fine bluish-white they would be worth \$2,000. The so-called rose-colored stones, which some ignorant people suppose to be very valuable, are only the result of their being cut flat, such stones being generally the clearings from larger stones, the refuse, so to speak. Now, as to shape, there are different opinions. Some prefer the cushion shape and others the round shape. The latter is an American invention, and is at present the most popular shape. The cushion shape is of English taste. The old Dutch stones, cut in Amsterdam, are getting out of date, in this country at least. You see, there in Amsterdam the dealers buy the rough diamonds by the bagful, just as they come from the mines, and they have a system of exchanging cut stones for rough stones, 500 carats of rough for 300 carats of cut ones, for instance, so that it is to their interest to lose as little of the stone's weight as possible in the cutting process. Here things are quite different. We are just now recutting a good many of these old Dutch stones. Here is one, you see," and the expert unwrapped a very fine stone, "which weighed 9-164 carats when it went up-stairs to our cutters, and which now weighs but 74 carats. Yet its value has been increased by this procedure, although its size diminished, so that it is now worth \$2,500, while before that it was worth but \$2,000. There is a great deal in the cutting of a stone. The old English single-cut, where only one side had facets, while the lower one was left in straight lines, is out of demand now. A stone is cut in proportion to its shape and size, there being valuable stones of all numbers of facets. You see, there is a grain to a diamond, just as much as there is to a slab of wood. An expert diamond-cutter will see that grain and cut the diamond accordingly. The shape of the stone must be made so that the angles throw the greatest amount of light toward the gazer. Some stones have their angles cut so that the rays of light converge before they reach the eye. That is a point which even a great many experts overlook in purchasing. They will hold the stone six inches from their eyes, instead of looking at it from a distance. And yet the latter is the proper way, for diamonds are intended to show brilliancy from some distance."

"Where are the largest diamonds found just now?"

"In Southern Africa. The mines there are, however, pretty old, too, and are getting fairly exhausted. I think that among our undeveloped resources in the United States diamonds will loom up largely before long. The other day I bought a 17-karat stone of a man who had bought it for \$1, taking it to be a topaz. It was found near Waukesha, Wis. It had much the appearance of the South African stones. Two or three months ago a party brought me one from Central Iowa. It was a very good stone and I should say that there must be more where that one came from. I believe there are many spots in this country where diamonds are to be found. Only when found the general public wouldn't know them from rough diamonds."

"How does a rough diamond look?" "Generally, it is a little six-pointed crystal, or it may look like a roundish, semi-transparent pebble. In its rough state it generally doesn't look as pretty as a piece of quartz. The opinion of experts ought to be had whenever stones are found suspected to be diamonds. Search, besides, ought to be made not by individuals but by communities, for diamonds are scarce wherever they are lodged, and many eyes looking for them are more likely to find them than one pair, however keen."

"What qualifications must a good expert in diamonds possess?"

"Experience. A judge of these stones must have a constant experience in order to enable him to adjust properly and recognize the various points that give a diamond its value, shape, cut and color. Not one in a thousand knows enough about diamonds to tell if a diamond is worth \$1,000 or \$200. There are very few experts. There are, of course, quite a number of them among the dealers, but very few outside of them. The value of a stone, depends of course, after all, a good deal on individual tastes and prejudices, and really its market price is governed more by its relative scarcity than by anything else. If, for instance, some prolific mines were discovered now yielding lots of bluish-white diamonds they would decline in price, and those of color, the yellowish and brownish ones, would rise. Only 10 per cent of the diamonds found are worthy to be set in jewelry, you know. The rest are refuse stones, which are bought up by sharp dealers, who palm them off afterward on an unsuspecting public as great bargains. Lots of men are taken in in that way. People think that they have struck a good thing and

will keep quiet about where they bought it and how much they paid for it. If they went to an honest expert he would point out to them the flaws in the stones they purchased so cheap, and show them that they had been swindled. Diamonds have always a market price, and if they are good, marketable stones no dealer will sell them below the market figure."—Chicago News.

A Nation of Egg Eaters.

"There are at least fifty million eggs consumed daily in the United States," said a wholesale dealer near Washington Market to a reporter. "That is over four million dozen, and at an average price will amount to at least \$80,000. Think of the outlay and business activity required to handle this enormous quantity. The American people are egg eaters. As a general thing the supply is equal to the demand, but about three years ago, late after January, we ran ashore on domestic eggs. What was the result? Europe began to ship us pickled eggs by the millions. Shiploads came over. Prices went down, and the European pickled eggs at fourteen cents per dozen became immensely popular. This almost ruined our home egg market. During the months of April and May the eggs are pickled by means of a solution of lime water. They are kept until November and December, and then come in to lower the market. Fresh eggs, though, are worth thirty cents a dozen."

"Where do the eggs in the United States principally come from?"

"From Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Maryland. The Western States of course furnish large quantities, but not so much as the States mentioned. Nineteen million two hundred thousand eggs were shipped from Europe to this country since the 1st of April to September. They come from Belgium, Copenhagen, Hamburg and the greatest egg market in the world, Antwerp. But all these European eggs are pickled, and although not half so good as the fresh, yet they have the effect of lowering prices. All of the peasantry in Germany, Belgium and Holland raise large quantities of fowl. But in the United States a few farmers only pay attention to the industry."

"What is the reason that the farmers in the United States do not raise more fowl?"

"Simple enough. They have been in the habit of making large profits from stock and grain and other products, and thought egg raising too slow. They see their mistake now, and in less than ten years eggs will be exported instead of imported."

"How will the increase come about?"

"If this new experiment of hatching eggs by means of heaters proves successful, then bacon and beef as life sustaining foods will perhaps be supplanted. Thus far the results on a limited scale have proved successful, and the old hen, instead of wasting days over a dozen or so eggs, can be putting in her time laying fresh eggs. Thus a double saving will be made. Every farmer with enterprise will have an egg farm or hatchery, just as the rich have hot houses now, and send millions of eggs to market. New York, perhaps, will be the greatest egg center in the world, and ships will be chartered by the wholesale to do the export business.—New York Mail.

Work for the Spring.

A later spring we have not known for a long time. The weather still continues cold, though the grass is beginning to turn green. There is yet, however, no pasture for stock. We see the plows are beginning to run. There has been no rain at St. Louis for months. Cisterns are dry and macadamized roads are dusty. Farmers should be ready with strong teams and plenty of good men to put in crops at the earliest moment that the ground is in good order. But by all means have the soil in good condition and well prepared, and the seed the very best. Turn over a new leaf now, and put no more crops in cultivation than can be well put in and receive the best attention. Put the balance of the land in grass, for it is the most profitable crop the farmer raises. At the low prices the cereal crops command, it is better to devote more land to rearing stock or to dairy farming.

The farmer should look ahead and try to raise such crops or such stock as will pay best. Don't do just as your father did unless you are sure that it pays best—but keep up with the spirit of the age. The time has already come when the old fogies are being left behind. The men of progress, of enterprise, of brains are taking the lead, and the laggards have all they can do to keep body and soul together. And every year the difference between the farmers of progressive ideas and the "stand-stills" will be more marked. There are so many farmers, there is so much competition; there is so much overproduction in certain lines, that only the intelligent farmer can succeed. It is on the farm as in the learned professions; there is plenty of room in the upper stories but the ground floors are crowded almost to suffocation. It is brains that carries one to the top. The farmer should bear this in mind, and do all he can to improve his mind, that he may get there.—Rural World.

Bold Women Defenders.

The valor with which the women of Saragossa aided in the defense of their city against the French still lives in the hearts of Spaniards. Two thousand wives and maidens of Madrid have shown what great things can yet be accomplished by the women of Castile, in holding a tobacco factory against the armed forces of the town—military and civil—to say nothing of the minor feats of insulting the governor and smashing the furniture and machinery of the factory. The cause of this outbreak was the introduction of machinery into the factory. The women employed there, knowing the excellence of their own handiwork, resented this attempt to lower the quality of the cigar.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The Old Old Story. Why do we hear so much about dyspepsia? Simply because so many people have it. Why are so many people talking about their cure from this dreadful disease? Simply because they have been taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Thus it is with Mrs. Taylor, of Lynchburg, Sumter county, S. C., who says, "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia with most favorable results. I believe this medicine is all that is represented." Dyspeptics, and sufferers from neuralgia, weakness, etc., should try it.

Maiden want nothing but husbands and when they get them they want everything.—Shakespeare.

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